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ALL THINGS FOR ALL MEN!

COMEHOW the battle cry "Everything for Everybody" never calls out more than a forlorn hope in this country. We may be proud that it is so. We need no fairer promise as a nation than the sound, sturdy common sense that makes it so.

The third party leaders pretend to be elated over results in Vermont. But what have the Colonel and his blandishments really done there? Split up a time-honored Republican majority so that the party in power could not elect its candidate, and given the biggest kind of significance to the old political sign that any decrease in the Republican majority in Vermont in September below the normal of 25,000 has been followed by Republican defeat for the Presidency in November. The third party will shout over the doubtful glory not of electing but of preventing an election.

How well it speaks for the judgment of the country that the rise of a great political flatterer and panacea promiser rarely does more than disrupt the party to which he attaches himself and clear the way for the victory of real progress.

William Jennings Bryan, with all his magic for filling dinter patis and making half-dollars pass for whole ones, never did anything but embarrass a party and sidetrack a wild and fanatic expedition out on a run for somebody else's money. The country had no use for it and it ran itself harmlessly into the ground.

Now comes along the glittering Colonel, with something in the pack for everybody, High, Low and Jack for the workingman, special favors for the ladies-and straightway the nation good-naturedly starts him on a by-path that will keep him out of the way of traffic.

A wonderful old coach, this Government! Every now and then it swerves and slurs, now and again some maniac leans too far out of the window and we think the whole outfit will tip over, but still up hill and down dale, through fair weather and foul-it sticks to the road.

MIS-MANOEUVRES.

66 N TOT SO," speaks up the Hartford Courant, in reply to The Evening World's charges that the recent war manoeuvres in Connecticut broke down completely in the commissariat and transportation provisions made by regular army directors. The Courant accuses this newspaper of "grouching," and then shakes its head over the letter in which Col. William Conant Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, said of The Evening World's charges:

What is said in regard to insufficiency of transportation is errect. This was due to want of proper knowledge on the part of those who failed to solve problems involving the factors of the traction power of males, the weight of everloaded army wagone and the character of country roads.

The Connecticut editor proudly retorts:

We think Col. Church would freely admit, if questioned on the point, that the country roads of the Connecticut of 1918per their defects—furnish much better going for men end males then the country roads of Varginia did fifty years ago.

Who said they didn't? Our esteemed Mr. Charles Hopkins Clarke overlooks the point as usual. Whatever his roads were or are, the plain fact is that the army officers in charge of the late memocuvres more than three children. Better for meither knew nor used them with intelligence enough to supply men him to possess only two; better still for him to be childless; but if children he and horses with food.

We learn that at no time were the manoeuvring troops more then one hour and a half from some railroad. Yet the men went and he is an outcast. . . . A sixth from early morning till late at night without anything to est. At one point where several roads lead to the nearest centre, instead of using as many as possible, all baggage was crowded upon one route. those seven will die as a result of the ck resulted, and a mile of wagons stood stalled.

Is it to be wondered that cavalrymen, after a hard day's work, out of doors because of his large famhad to wait wearily by their horses until the delayed wagons arrived? Is it to be wondered that horses began the manoeuvres in fine, sleek pathetic and kindly because poor them condition and came out at the end worn to skin and hones?

If food had failed only the invading army, with its shifting and mother tramp the dim and mean sources of supply, excuses might stand some show. But the defenders, with their fixed base of supplies, were just as badly off as the apply comes the question: invaders!

If Connecticut roads are paved with marble, then the army seeks to explain: officers were the more inexcusably weak in foreseeing and meeting the first needs of an army-food and forage. This was peculiarly I promise you they will not be a nuttheir business. To plan and arrange such matters is an elementary part of their profession. In this of all things they should not have failed.

Secretary Stimson should order a court of inquiry to find out who was responsible for the breakdown of the commissarist in the landlord's agent, throws his arms up-Connecticut manoeuvres. We are too proud of our \$100,000,000 a year army to like to see it made ridiculous.

DOLICE FORCE demoralized, grafters and gunmen everywhere, Tombs letting out-and now George Bernard Shaw reported prowling about New York in disguise!

O horrible! Most horrible!

WENTY-ONE THOUSAND American tourists coming home from Europe this week. Get ready to listen.

MRS. LANGTRY protests she only loves us for our money. Just the same, we shall do our best to make her happy.

THE STEPLESS CAR has proved such a winner that all the New I York Railways Company asks now is money to buy some. Mere detail.

Letters from the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If an American citizen and wife

If a person becomes a citizen in this

travelling in a foreign country have a

country can a son of his born here born abroad is the son eligible to vote at the age of twenty-one without

O horrible!

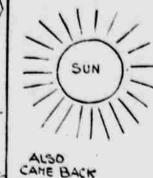
his father's papers?

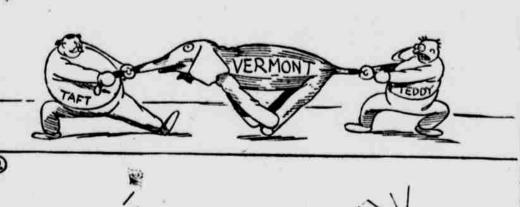
Such Is Life! 3 (By Maurice Ketten

















Limits Each Family to Five

Paris, at once the kindlest and cruelest of cities, the most tyrannical and the most humane, it appears to must and will have—well, he is grudg-ingly allowed three. * * A fourth— and heaven help him! * * A fifth,

mattenes he has seven and then Nothing will keep a man from a woman's side before to riage except to the payement stands his sad, scanty furniture. The neighbors, sympathetic and kindly because poor themselves, take charge of the children and the furniture while the father and mother tramp the dim and mean quarters of the Amazing City in search of a new home. Wherever they apply comes the question:

A woman never can under the common side before to riage except a lack of interest in her; and nothing will keep him AT her side after marked the will have toward have tuned Shy. No one have bow it was the bouses stood, riage except a lack of interest in anything else on earth.

No. Geraldine, on "affinity" is not a woman who has driven a man to distruction; she is any woman who happens to come along when he is looking for distraction.

A woman never can under the common who happens to come along when he is "Cortainly, matern" "C

The criminal father falters. His wife

"Not many. And they are so quiet and good. They won't give any trouble

"How many?"

And when at last the fatal number has been divulged, what indignation; what an outcry! The conclerge, or the a farmhouse dinner. ward and cries out excitedly: "Seven? You said seven? You come

to come here and say seven? Never in doesn't love him. my life have I heard such a scandall Why not 177 Why not 777 Ah. nom d'un nom, what are things coming to!"

Away turn the criminal father and his wife, says the London Leader, More and more applications for shelter, but invariably the same indignant response One of the children (I quote a specific case) catches measles and dies. Another contracts pneuments and is removed only in the very nick of time to the hospital. It is recorded in the Paris papers that scores of homeless families are reaming the streets - because their 'number is excessive."

"And yet." continue the newspapers "only a short time ago we were crying out against the alarming depopulation of the country. Such is the incense quence of France!"

T'M old-at last I know it-I've had I almost owned-not wholly-betwirt a

When hunting for the glasses But now there's no illusion-it's down too fine-

The men all frankly kiss mel pessed the danger line!

og Co. (The New York World MAN can always forgive a woman for "wrecking his life," provided

farewell at the end of a love affair; even when her love is quite dead she enjoys weeping at its funeral.

When a bride murmurs fondly "Whither thou goest I will go!" her husband kisses her affectionately—and secretly thanks heaven that there are some places where women are not adnitted

Even a fickle woman prefers one love at a time and that done well; but man likes a lot of little half-baked affairs all served simultaneously, like

It is so easy to convince a man that you love him that a woman here and say seven? You are not mad always astonished at the difficulty she has in persuading him that she

> Old bachelors remind one of barges without tugs—they may carry a lot weight, but they never get anywhere.

Perject contentment is the first sign of fatty degeneration of the brain

The Malay Girl.

HBRE is a vivid picture of home life in Tripoli in Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's recent volumes: 'Another day I went to a house of quite different social order, where a poor woman with a crocked spine had asked Search was made by the bank and at to see the foreigner. She was sowing length it discovered the holder of the at a little machine low on the floor, note, who peturned by hand, like those used by Ma-fancy price. the country. Such is the incenseence of France!"

Settled.

No eld—at last I knew it—I've had suspicions long.
But things have happened lately that have made suspicion streng, almost owned—not whelly—betwixt a tear and smile,

then hunting for the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, of her fear the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that were once of the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that were once of the coming solipse, or the slasses that the manufacture attributed and for the course of the coming solipse. The slasses that were been insued, faver details the means of prementing and the slass that were solipse, or the slasses that the manufacture of the course, for election for the slasses that was apparently a favorite attributed and far each of the slasses that was apparently a favorite attributed the form the slasses that was apparently a favorite attributed the fer cash that the male slasses that was apparently a favorite attributed the fer

Bank Note for a Penny. ONCE a Bank of England note for one penny was issued by mistake. It got into circulation and was a cource of great annoyance to many persons when making up accounts. Search was made by the bank and at note, who returned it to them for

This is the smallest amount for which

The Day's Good Stories

Preacher Won the Dog.

Raised the Rent.

He Was Satisfied.

THE Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame College, tells of a priest who was stying a lecture on the cril of great wealth. In the audience was a man the priest knew. The man was the father of seven girls and the lecturer pointed to this man as an ex-

and the lecturer pointed to this man as an example.

"Think," said the priest, "of being the proud father of seven daughters. Think who is happier—the man with a million dollars or the man who is the father of seven daughters, "I will ask you, Mr. Sheidon, who do you think is the happier!" said the priest, pointing to the subject of his argument.

The man arms and said: "Father, I Ghink that a man with seven daughters is the happier. A man with seven daughters to the happier, A man with seven daughters never does,"—Kansaa City Star.

Their Consolation.

EN. EDWIN A. TATLOR of the United Some of Confederate Voterana sorid at a Me-morale Day banques in Memphis this steep "A Southerner," he said "sat in the lothy of New York hofst, discussing certain campaign a Northerner,
a Northerner ended, with a laugh,
we licked you, anyhow."
Tee, you did, the flootherner admitted; but
plain, from the size of your pension list, that
you se gave in we origined every blessed one
you!"—Washington Base,

His First Chance.

The Vantage Point.

HE Mayor of a small town was trying a negro for abusing his wife. She claimed

Mme. Maeterlinck in Ancient Abbey

Glimpses of the Singer in Natural Setting of "Pelleas and Melisande"

By Sylvester Rawling.

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ARIS, Aug. 37.—Mirne. Maeterlinck paused as the door was opened for her entrance to the tea room. It was for a record of the contract of the tea room. trance to the tea room. It was for a second or two only, but there was sufficient time to reveal her in a mediaeval dress and to disclose that the material was of a rough sacking of pale olive green with trimmings of orange. Her arms were bare almost to the shoulder, and around her needs, which was exposed as it might have been at the opera, was thrown a cape that matched her frock Under a broad brimmed straw hat she wore a cap of curious pattern in keeping with the rest. As she explained later, it was her Abbey costume. But she was wearing one that she puts on only when she intends in person to conduct her guests over the imposing ruins of the Abbaye de Saint Wandrille at Caudebec on the Seine, out of which she and her husband have made their chief country

Thus it was that the writer caught his first sight of Georgette Leblanc, singer, actress and character interpreter, the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, poet, philosopher and playwright, best known to New York opera-scors, perhaps, by his "Pelicas and Melisande," for which Debussy composed the music. There were only four at table-Mme. Maeterlinck; her secretary. Mile. Deschamps; a friend of the writer's and himself. Mme. Maeterlinck apologized for the absence of her husband, who, she explained, had started early for a walk in the forest and evidently had been driven to shelter by the rain, which was pouring in a torrent. My friend and I, lazily touring the Seine from Havre to Paris, had paused at Caudebec. He fortunately had the pleasure of knowing Mme. Maeterlinck, and a polite note from him asking permission to see the ruins brought an instant re

HOW THE ANCIENT ABBAYE SAINT WANDRILL LOOKS TO-DAY.

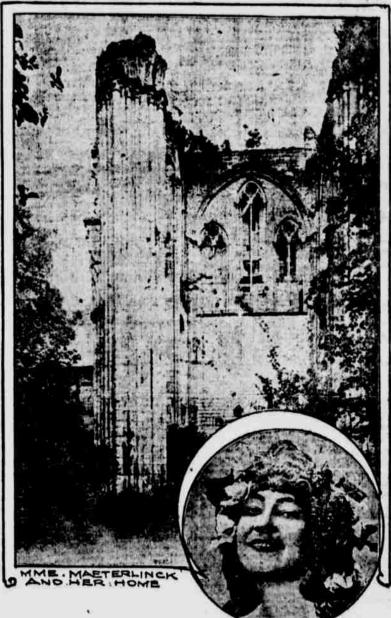
Of the conversation between us in that austere tea room, picked out of the part of the ancient Abbey that had been made habitable, something shall be said later on. More important were the ruins themselves, through which our graclous hostess led us, and most important was her own vivid description of performance of "Macbeth" that, under her direction, with herself as Lady Mac-

. The Abbaye Saint Wandrille, the tall towers of which are skeletons and other parts rules, still contains some bits of architecture of the twelfth century. The cloisters are wonderfully well preserved.

In the fine quadrangle weeds are permitted to grow. Only along the borders of the cloisters has Mme. Maeterlinek interposed a modern touch by yielding to her love of flowers and placing geraniums and other plants there. Many of the present habitable parts of the Abbey are of seventeenth and eighteenth century construction. Only a few years ago Lord Stacpoole, who held the estate previous to its purchase by the Maeterlincks, put a wooden staircase and gallery into the refectory and built a modern chimney of veined red and white into a fifteenth century gallery that still has a twelfth century roof. In front and at the back of the habitable parts are lovely, well kept modern gardens. For the rest the primitive and the wild are maintained in lawns and leafy avenues until they melt into the forest, which, Mme. Mueterlinck proudly says, "reaches to the

WHERE "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE" WAS PERFORMED.

"Ah! 'Pelieas and Melisande?' Yes! Come! I will show you how we did here," said Mme. Maeterlinck as she opened a door upon the shrubbery. Some distance off, at the edge of the woods, stood her pet donkey, but sh



could not coax him from his shelter. The rain had ceased, but from the tree the water dropped copiously, and, with a little shrug of disappointment, Mme. Maeterlinck looked at her shoes. She described briefly but graphically

The spot was ideal. Here was the window through which the boy, pushed up by his father, spied upon his mother. There some stones had fallen from a decaying wall, and for all the world they looked like the coping of the well in which Melisande lost her ring. Parts of the Abbey and the woods, sombre and gloomy, evidently made for something of Maeteritack's inspiration for the drams. One needed little imagination to expect the very characters to appear before one's eyes.

onducted us to the ploturesque side gateway that opened upon the street. A few yards further along was the imposing main entrance and across the way was the village church, itself an interesting bit of architecture, although standing within the shadow of the tall, ruined towers of the old Abbey.

A WORD ABOUT POLITICS AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. The talk over teacupe dealt mainly with things modern. Instead of associations with the ancient Abbaye de Saint Wandrille in France, matters pertinent to the present-day Metropolitan Opera House, in far-off Broadway, were discussed. Asked by the writer why New York operagoers were not granted the

pleasure last season of seeing her as Melisande or as Ariane, while the privilege was freely given to Boston people, Mme. Masterlinck smiled broadly. "Is Monateur so ignorant of the conditions that prevail at the Metropolitan Opera House?" she asked, with a shrug of her shoulders. And then she chatted familiarly of politics and intrigues within New York's home of opera. Official contracts with singers were supplemented by cryptic contracts granting special privileges to individuals, she said. Some were granted a monopoly of certain

haracters. Much more she added that was surprising to the writer. MME. MAETERLINCK'S ARIANE COSTUME. Mme. Maeterlinck has opinions as to how both Melisande and Ariane should

be presented which she expressed with vigor. That she has studied deeply each character not only as to its presentation but as to its psychology there glad to see us and began to talk at once of the coming eclipse, of her fear that it might injure her and that she it might injure her and that she should not dare to go to the roof to gee it; also asking me to use my influence to render it as harmless as perfuse.

The cancelled notes are burned five performances for themselves. About one thing M he gut drunk and tried to best her and the girl and see it; also asking me to use my influence to render it as harmless as perfuse.

The Mayor turned to their little girl and she it im.

The Mayor turned to their little girl and she it im.

The Mayor turned to their little girl and she it in im.

More than \$6,000,000 of old notes are stored away in the bank and about only one costume. The action gives her no time to change it. I was your mother hit him?

The Mayor turned to their little girl and she it im.

Where the previous day.

The Cancelled notes the indicance of the performances for themselves. About one thing M he gut drunk and tried to best her and is very positive—Ariana throughout the Bluebeard opera, she said.

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The Mayor turned to their little girl and she it im.

The Assert when your mother hit him.

The Assert was under the minute of the performances for themselves. About one thing M he give positive—Ariana throughout the Bluebeard opera, she said. can be no doubt. Some day, perhaps, New York operagoers may judge the merits of her performances for themselves. About one thing Mme. Maeterlinek is very positive-Ariana throughout the Bluebeard opera, she says, should wear only one costume. The action gives her no time to change it. Her own costume

As to when Mms. Masterlinck, was likely to return to America-she did not